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THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

VOL. I.—No. 14. SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1881. ONE PENNY.

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AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.—THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager.—THE WORLD, pronounced by the *Times* Newspaper, in its review of the theatrical year, to be most undoubtedly the greatest success of the year. By Augustus Harris, William Rignold, Macklin, Gibson, Boleyn, Lilly, Gresham, Ridley, and Harry Jackson; Miss Fanny Josephs, Miss Fanny Brough, Maud De Vere, Miss M'Namara, and Miss Louisa Payne.—THE STORES, at 7.30. A Cabinet Minister, Director of the Stores, Mr. Walter Pelham; his Daughter, Miss Kathleen Corri; a Leader of Fashion, Mr. Douglass Cox; the Secretary of Stores, Mr. De Lange; a General, Mr. Gregory; an Admiral, Mr. Boughton; a Bishop, Mr. Buccalossi; an Æsthete, Mr. Weldon; Shopkeepers, Swells, Duchesses, Marriageable Maidens, Soldiers and Sailors, the Bulgarian Army.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CUP.—THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.—Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy, THE CUP, TO NIGHT, at a Quarter to Eight. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, Mr. Terriss. THE CORSICAN BROTHERS at Half-past Nine. Mr. Irving. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats booked by Letter or Telegram.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—THIS EVENING, at 8, MICHAEL STROGOFF. Mr. C. Warner, Mr. H. J. Byron, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin; Messrs. J. Fernandez, Irish, Rosier, Warren, Russell, Palmer, Proctor; Mesdames Bernard-Beere and Gerard. At 7.15, BARNEY THE BARON. Mr. Shiel Barry, Miss Clara Jecks.

OLYMPIC.—JENNIE LEE.—JO.—FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.—THIS EVENING, at 8.30. Miss JENNIE LEE; Mesdames Dolores Drummond, M. Leighton, F. Smithers, C. Steele, F. Leyton, C. Humphreys, &c.; Mr. J. P. Burnett; Messrs. Howell, Dolby, Compton, Andrews, Leigh, Crisp, &c. Preceded, at 7.30, by FAMILY JARS. Misses Smithers and Leyton. Messrs. Compton, Crisp, Grahame. Box Office open 10 till 5. No Booking Fees. Carriages 10.45.—General Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.—OLYMPIC.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—7.0, OPERETTA. 7.20, LITTLE MOTHER: Miss L. Venne, &c. 8.30, FORTY THIEVES (Burlesque) in 3 Acts. Misses Farren, Vaughan, Gilchrist, Broughton, Gilbert, Hewett; Terry, Royce, Squire, Dallas, Two Macs, and Chorus.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—LAST POSITIVE NIGHT of Mr. EDWIN BOOTH'S ENGAGEMENT.—MERCHANT OF VENICE and KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.—Mr. EDWIN BOOTH as Shylock and Petruchio, supported by Messrs. J. Ryder, W. Redmund, F. Charles, Beauchamp, Rayner, Calhaem, &c.; Misses Masson, Temple, Maud Middleton, &c.—Preceded, at 7.15, by Farce, THAT BLESSED BABY.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAY, April 2nd, will be produced an entirely New and Original Romantic Spectacular Drama of Sensational Interest, entitled, BRANDED, written by Richard Lee.

PRINCE of WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.40, a New Comedy, in Three Acts, called THE COLONEL, by F. C. Burnand. Preceded, at 7.50, by IN HONOUR BOUND, by Sydney Grundy. Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Flockton, Mr. W. Herbert, Mr. Eric Bayley, Mr. Rowland Buckstone, and Mr. Edgar Bruce; Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Myra Holme, Miss C. Grahame, Miss Eva Sothern, Mrs. Leigh Murray, &c. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 7.50. Box Office open daily, from Eleven to Five.—THE COLONEL. MATINEES, THIS DAY, MONDAY NEXT, March 28, WEDNESDAY, March 30, SATURDAY, April 2. Doors open at 2, commence at 2.30. An early application for seats is necessary.

GLOBE.—NAVAL CADETS.—LAST NIGHT.—Supported by Messrs. Colli, Bracy, Lorndan, Ashford, and Harry Paulton; Mesdames Amadi, Douglas, Maxwell, &c.—NOTICE.—The THEATRE will RE-OPEN on SATURDAY, the 16th April, with an entirely new Opera Comique, in Three Acts, by Offenbach, entitled MARGOT. First Time in this country. Produced under the immediate direction of Mr. H. B. Farnie, supported by a strongly augmented Company and elaborate Mise-en-Scene. Full particulars will shortly be announced.

ROYALTY.—The Ancestral Home of Burlesque. Manageress KATE LAWLER.—PEGGY: A New and Original Drama, by Joe MacKay, will be produced THIS EVENING, at Half-past Seven precisely. Characters by Kate Lawler, Harriet Coveney, Amy Crawfurd, Ruth Francis, Florence Lavender, Sylvia Grey, and E. Ritta; Edward Righton, Frank Cooper, H. Kelcey, H. Martell and Seymour Dallas. New and Realistic Scenery, specially designed and executed by Bruce Smith.—122ND NIGHT of DON JUAN JUNIOR. Now in the full tide of its success. 123RD NIGHT.—DON JUAN JUNIOR. "An overwhelming triumph."—GLOBE. Seats may be booked one month in advance. Musical Director, Herr Max Schroter; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank Rothsay; Acting and General Business Manager for Kate Lawler, Cecil Raleigh.

IMPERIAL (AFTERNOON) THEATRE.—Miss HELEN BARRY THIS AFTERNOON, at 2.30, in LED ASTRAY, a Comedy Drama by Dion Boucicault. Miss HELEN BARRY will appear on MONDAY AFTERNOON next, March 28, as Lady Gay Spanker, in LONDON ASSURANCE.

STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUH.—THIS EVENING, at 8, a New and Original Opera Comique, in Three Acts, entitled OLIVETTE, adopted from the French of Chivot and Duru. Written and produced by M. B. Farnie. Preceded, at 7.30, by A SUMMER CLOUD. The Entertainment supported by a Powerful Company. Doors open at 7. Box Office open daily.—MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0.

OPERA COMIQUE.—LAST NIGHTS.—THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE (346th Representation), an Original Melodramatic Opera, by Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, EVERY EVENING. Preceded at 8, by IN THE SULKS. Messrs. George Grossmith, Richard Temple, Rutland Barrington, F. Thornton, Durward Lely, G. Temple; Mesdames Emilie Petrelli, Ellen Shirley, Jessie Bond, Gwynne, Barlow, and Alice Barnett. Conductor, Mr. F. Cellier.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. R. D'OYLY CARTE.—MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

FOLLY.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE. TO-NIGHT, at 7.30, HESTER'S MYSTERY. At 8.15, 340th Time, a New and Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by Henry J. Byron, called THE UPPER CRUST. Barnaby Doublechick, Mr. J. L. Toole. At 10.15, THE STEEPLECHASE. Mr. J. L. Toole. Box Office open 10 till 5.—Prices: 1s. to £3 3s. No Free List. No Fees for Booking. Doors open at 7.—MORNING PERFORMANCE THIS DAY at Two. THE WEAVERS OFF THE LINE, and BARDELL v. PICKWICK. Doors open 1.30. Toole in Three Pieces.

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ALHAMBRA.—LAST NIGHTS of MEFISTOFELE II., TO-NIGHT, at 8.—Artistes: Mesdames Loseby, St. Quinten, Rose Bell, Jamieson, Kate Lee, and Sallie Turner; Messrs. F. Leslie, W. S. Penley, Kelleher, Power, and Sweetman. In Act II., the WALPURGIS NIGHT REVELS (Music by Mendelssohn).—At 10.30, the New Grand Ballet, HAWAIA, invented and designed by Alfred Thompson. Music by G. Jacobi. Danseuses, Mdlles. Pertoldi, Rosa, Gillert, and the entire Corps de Ballet.—A FARCE at 7.30.—On MONDAY NEXT, JEANNE, JEANETTE, AND JEANNETON.

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H. FREEMAN.

News and Gossip of the day.

VOL. I.—No 14. SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1881. ONE PENNY.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

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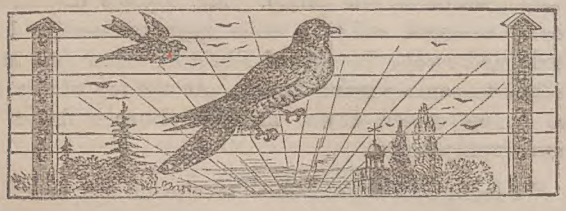
N. V. B.—*Editor's Office (to which all literary contributions for* THE CUCKOO *should be addressed), 97, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. Advertisers will please address H. Freeman, 86, Fleet Street, E.C. Publishing Office, 1, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.*



News from Abroad.

Matters have come to a crisis between Greece and Turkey. War seems inevitable.

The preparations of England alone suffice to warn Europe of coming events.

If the Princes Albert Victor and George take notes of the various countries they visit, their young heads must be very full of experience.

They are at present at Cape Town, the guests of the Governor, and public apologies have appeared in the local newspapers for the apparent want of enthusiasm that has marked the reception of their Royal Highnesses. But it would have been strange, indeed, if in such dark hours of peril and humiliation, our African colonies had found heart for festivities.

Gambetta was entertained last night at a banquet given by 120 trade societies of Paris. It was held in the Grand Hotel in the Boulevard Des Capuchines, and in every way, socially and politically, was an eminent success. M. Gambetta cited England as a model to other nations in "the ascendancy given to industrial affairs in modern politics."

Outside the Elysée, on Thursday, there was arrested a suspicious-looking loiterer, who avowed his intention, if only he could have access to M. Grévy, of having a word with M. le President. He declared himself to be a Frenchman, but is evidently a true cousin-german of the man who sent the pistol, loaded with gravel and cork, the other day to Sir William Harcourt, for upon being searched, a six-chambered revolver, loaded, was found in his pocket.

I recently had the pleasure of meeting with a Russian lady who, I am informed, is what may be called a Nihilist head-centre. Here, in brief, is her history. Her father, at one time an officer in the Imperial Guard, has been eight years in Siberia. Her eldest brother is working in the mines; her second brother is in a St. Petersburg prison, awaiting his trial; and her mother, a German countess, is dead.

At the age of eleven she was sent by her friends to Germany, and thence to Switzerland, where she imbibed revolutionary opinions while still a child. Two years ago she returned to Russia, and for some months stayed in the house of her eldest brother, who was then at liberty. When he was arrested for a political offence she was thrown upon the world, a young and beautiful girl of only seventeen.

A general officer adopted her as his daughter, until her attendance at Nihilist meetings rendered a continuance of his protection impossible. She then commenced to support herself by literary work. She was twice imprisoned.

Upon the second occasion she escaped at risk of her life, and six weeks ago she arrived in England.

I spoke to her about the murder of the Czar. "Yes; it was a great crime," she said, with a visible shudder; "but you in England do not know how terribly necessary that crime was." "And his son?" I asked. Her eyes flashed. "I myself will kill him," she answered, "if time should prove that he will not be warned." Yet this would-be regicide is a most lovely and cultivated girl of only nineteen.

We learn from an American correspondent that immediately after he took the oath President Garfield turned round and kissed his aged mother, and then his wife.

This is something new, even for America; but there is a pleasant smack about it, and was, perhaps, the best kind of consecration after all.

Americans are prognosticating a long term of office for President Garfield. Eight years are freely spoken of as the minimum, and report has it that the President has written privately to Minister Lowell asking him to retain his post during his presidency.

Mrs. Parnell has more sense than Mr. Redpath. News comes from America that that gentleman talks of blowing up Windsor Castle with dynamite, but Mrs. Parnell is of opinion that Mr. Redpath "might as well talk of blowing up the moon."

Still, she believes in "more action and less talk" on the part of Irish "patriots."

But Americans don't like the way in which Mr. Parnell talks about the money that is to come from "the American people, and the Irish nation in America." A Republican opines that the "nation" in question consists of "perpetual dupes," who will "fill the coffers of the Land League, as they fill the coffers of any other scheme imposed on their credulous ignorance by irresponsible leaders."

It will, perhaps, sound incongruous to ears artistic to speak of Rome being improved architecturally, but such, I hear, is the fact. The proposed "improvements" include a new Palace of Justice, a Polytechnic, a Military Hospital, an Academy of Science, two barracks, a Champs de Mars, two bridges over the Tiber, &c.

What is to come out of this Tunis Question, as it is already coming to be termed by French publicists?

The whole thing lies in a nutshell. France sees that Africa must sooner or later have a great development, and that the Power which possesses the Northern Coast possesses the richest share. Accordingly, on the principle that those already on the ground have the first claim, she thinks she ought to be the Power in question.

But there are little embarrassments, even to this seemingly simple problem. It is true that such a petty State as Tripoli could offer no effective resistance to absorption any more than Tunis, and on the east it would not be very difficult to deal with Morocco.

But there are extraneous considerations. Spain would not feel comfortable with a French garrison on the opposite side of the Straits, and Italy would become equally restive under any signs of an extension eastward.

So that, all things considered, it is not to be wondered at if the French Government *does* try to proceed upon the principle of equivalents.

If anything could add to the horrors of the recent tragedy at Nice, it would be such suspicions as are announced in the following. The opera house, one correspondent writes, was perhaps the worst constructed in France.

The lobbies were narrow and badly distributed, there was only one front door to escape by, and the stalls were reached by a passage under the orchestra, The little door giving access to the gallery was only 4ft. wide, and an oak door, on which was printed "*Porte en cas d'incendie*," not having been opened from time immemorial, was too strong and fast to be forced. Four months ago there was an escape of gas which caused a panic, and, according to the correspondent of the *Figaro*, nothing but cement was then used for the repairs. In the afternoon of the day of the fire there was a fresh escape, and two young apprentices had been entrusted with repairing the pipes, without supervision. The local papers say that M. Bolognini, the manager, wished to put off the performance on Wednesday on account of the smell of gas, and informed the authorities of it, but they gave orders to play all the same.

News from the Country.

Owing to information received by the police, Inspector Poppen and a constable left Falmouth last night to await the Anchor Line steamer *Australian*, which left London for New York on Thursday, off the Lizard, as it was supposed she had on board John (or Pat) Coleman, suspected of being concerned in the Mansion House affair.

It's Mr. Barnes that Dublin admires. This gentleman celebrated the seventy-second anniversary of his birth by driving a well turned out four-in-hand through the streets of the city, although it is half a century, he says, since he tooled four horses, and they were untrained to four-in-hand and without splinter bars, through the principal streets, including Grafton-street, without accident.

When entering Harcourt-street the horses took fright at hearing a hack-car jingling behind, and, like John Gilpin's destrier, set off at full gallop. Mr. Barnes displayed the greatest coolness, and even while trying to manage his fiery steeds, and escape the fate of Phaeton, found time to raise his hat to some passing ladies. At the top of the street the horses cooled down, and Mr. Barnes drove them triumphantly home.

We learn from Oxford that the site of the new Indian Institute, which we described a day or two since as under the shadow of Bodley's library, is no secret, the residents of Holywell, from Mrs. Creed's public-house, facing the King's Arms Hotel, up to William Bacon's cricketing depot, in Broad-street, having had notice to quit for the new university venture, which will soon be commenced. The property in question belongs to the University of Oxford and Merton College, while that on the New College side of Broad-street is the freehold of the city, a short lease having been purchased by the new University foundation, "Hertford College."

Glasgow may boast of having evolved a novelty in the way of swindling. This was the *modus operandi*. A

stranger took lodgings in Glasgow, whence he forthwith issued tickets for a subscription sale, 6d. each, for a number of valuable articles of jewellery, and a number of pictures, including Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and other celebrities. The sale was announced to be in aid of the Glasgow Western Infirmary, and a touching appeal was made to the public to come forward in support of so deserving a charity.

Unfortunately, when the police called at the residence of the ingenious author of the scheme, that gentleman had to confess that he could not afford to buy the articles announced to be sold until 40,000 tickets had been disposed of. In the meantime, the police could only find 8½d. upon his person.

Mr. Maltby, an Indian magistrate, who fired upon some natives, and killed one of them, has been sent to this country and detained as a lunatic. Two justices of the Queen's Bench have decided that this detention is justifiable. But Mr. Maltby's friends complain of his being kept in custody at all, inasmuch as no charge has been brought against him in an Indian Court. Ought they not rather to be grateful that Mr. Maltby occupies apartments in an asylum instead of the condemned cell?

"Father Ignatius" is going to Bath.

Bath has felt the hardships of the past winter acutely, and want has been so prolonged that it is only just now being felt possible to close the soup kitchens.

Scarborough has just been horrified by a most determined suicide committed by a master builder in the town, who during the temporary absence of a labourer sent out on a pretended errand, hung himself to one of the beams in his work-shop.

At Sir Wilfrid Lawson's meeting in Bath the other night one of the speakers observed that when at the last general election he saw "18 brewers lying about the gutter, he thanked God and took courage."

I don't believe that statement of fact is true; and if it were, I don't see much to thank God for. As for the taking courage, differently constituted minds derive inspiration from different sources.

As soon as the statement was made, one of the audience cried out, "But you are given to telling lies, you know."

A local paper facetiously remarks, "It is not true that the president of the Licensed Victuallers' Association has invited Sir Wilfrid Lawson to dinner."

The memory of the hapless crew of the *Eurydice* is to be perpetuated by a suitable monument in Haslar Cemetery. It will be composed of granite blocks, and will be 10 feet high, will be made to resemble a huge rock, and will be surmounted by the unfortunate vessel's anchor and shackle.

It is a curious incident when a man does not know whether he cut his own throat, or whether somebody else has done it for him.

Nevertheless, this was the case at Dudley the other day. It ought to be added, however, that he was afflicted at times with delirium tremens, and had "been in beer" three days continuously before the event.

For the hundredth time or more it has been magisterially decided that no labelling of spurious mixtures with fancy names can clear the vendor if a purchaser buys the article as butter, and the Leeds Bench, following other decisions in a similar sense, has just inflicted several exemplary fines for the offence.

Some of the freaks of the "bold apprentices" of the metropolis of a century and a-half ago still linger in the provinces. I read of thirty men being summoned at Nuneaton for playing football in the streets.

Only the other day I read an entry found in the day-book of a London tradesman of last century, "To mending window, broken by the football, 2s. 6d."

I hear that belief in spiritualism is spreading so rapidly in Devonport, and that "circles" for the procuring of "manifestations" are becoming so much the order of the day—even in high social circles—as to move the "cloth" into a crusade against the "superstition," and accordingly lectures on the subject are being given by at least one minister.

The upshot of the lamentable fatality to Mr. Penley, the Cambridge undergraduate, is a recommendation from the coroner to the owners to close the river against boating men above the mills, on account of the numerous accidents which have happened there.

Oxford is taking a hint from India. In that Eastern Empire the post is carried about in the large stations by natives on bicycles, so in Oxford the letter-bags are now entrusted to messengers on tricycles.

Among the provincial public works in course of completion are a town hall for Paisley, and a museum for Perth. Both are the outcome of private generosity.

News of Town.

Gossip of the Lobby.

In view of possible complications in Europe, Lord Hartington has been posted by the Premier to enunciate a new Eastern policy. It is this, that there is no alternative "between retaining Candahar and retiring behind the old frontier of India."

Now, what does Mr. Gladstone mean? We know how sadly his memory has been shattered by the evidence which he gave in the Queen's Bench yesterday. He cannot remember what he said or even wrote comparatively recently. How, then, is he to remember what "the old frontiers" of India are?

Will successful rebellion in Sirdo suffice to convince him that the annexation of Sinde was wrong, and that the Indian frontier must be withdrawn behind an older frontier still? or would an outbreak of the Sikhs of the Punjab satisfy him of the impossibility of holding that province? It is very easy to retire, especially without dignity.

But the debate in the House of Commons last night was a mismanaged one, and Ministers again scored a handsome majority.

What does Russia think of our evacuation of Candahar?

Why, this.

A caricature is before me now, showing a Cossack

soldier's foot just coming down on a spot marked "Turkoman land," while a British soldier's heel is just being raised from another spot called Candahar.

At the next step the Cossack's foot will come down plump on the spot left vacant.

There is no reservation here about the intentions of Russia.

Another paper bought by Conservatives "for the cause"—the *Oxford Times*. They ought to shake the constitution now.

"A Satire on the Irish National Land League and its Advocates," in which Mr. Parnell is supposed to express his opinions without reserve concerning the land agitation and its exponents in and out of Parliament, is about to be published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner. It is entitled, "The Tribune Reflects," and is from the vigorous pen of Mr. St. John-Brenon.

Is it true that Mr. Healy is about to bring forward a resolution claiming for his countrymen the inalienable right to be admitted into their own gaols, and denouncing the Government for the gross favouritism they have hitherto displayed, thereby adding to the rightful wrongs of Ireland?

Apropos of the *détenus* of Kilmainham, it ought not to be forgotten what is the only *raison d'être* of the indulgence shown to them. They are treated rather better than naval pensioners because, being untried, there may conceivably be an innocent man among them. For the sake of this hypothetical white sheep, the rest of the flock are allowed to live in clover. But, after all, the offences with which these persons are charged have long ago been made public in the warrants upon which they were arrested.

It is the strong impression of the Land Leaguers that in the Councils of Her Majesty's Government Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has protested uniformly, and in the strongest terms, against both the Coercion Bills. Supposing this to be the case, the right hon. gentleman has contrived to keep his indignation very quiet. All through the discussion upon the two Bills, he sat mumchance on the Treasury Bench, even when taunted about his silence.

Michael Davitt has quite recovered from the cold in the head that so seriously disquieted the Home Rulers, and eats his meals like the hearty Fenian that he is. "For breakfast 10oz. white bread, two new-laid eggs, and a pint of cocoa. For luncheon 1 pint of beef tea and 6oz. bread. For dinner, 10oz. roast mutton or beef, 12oz. potatoes, 8oz. greens, 5oz. bread. For supper, 1 pint of tea, 10oz. bread, and a pint of milk for drinking in the night." As an honest man, Davitt never lived so well in all his life.

Mr. Frith has one particular rod in pickle for the Corporation of the City of London in the shape of the account of sums expended at a certain City banquet and ball, which amounted to over £20,000. Mr. Frith thinks we could be governed without entertainments on this scale, and he is going to try and persuade the public to think so too.

Mr. Dilke hopes to benefit the community in another but not less important direction. He has trotted out the subject of a decimal coinage once more, and is going to bring in a Bill advocating its adoption. Of course we shall all say that our present system is heaven sent; that the power of dividing a shilling into threepenny pieces is one of the few facts which keeps us from despair in a crooked world; and we shall sadly wonder at the darkness into which the misguided foreigner has plunged with his eyes open. Probably the fact that the guinea was divisible by three was long pleaded in defence of that detestable coin.

But common sense, and the mathematical weakness of the majority of mankind, must prevail in time; and then we may hope for a still greater approach to reason in our aliquot parts.

Of course the compilers of arithmetic books will shudder at the idea of a metrical system; but who else could regret seeing the whole rag-tag and bob-tail of pounds troy and pounds avoirdupois; of inches and ells and nails; of rods, poles, perches, and square roods; of quarts, quarterns, and chaldrons; and of half a hundred local and peculiar weights and measures relegated to the British Museum or the Society of Antiquaries?

Sir Charles Reed will be sorely missed, both at St. Ives and in the metropolis. His death occurred with startling suddenness, creating the greatest surprise among his constituents.

Yesterday, immediately after the arrival of the intelligence, the town crier of St. Ives went round, bell in hand, to summon a meeting of the Conservatives. The electors of that party are evidently determined to bestir themselves. At the General Election they were caught napping. And if they sleep at all now it is with one eye open.

Sir Charles, as a worker in the interests of his fellowmen, was, all will admit, the worthy son of a worthy sire. Everybody knows what were his father's two chief titles to respect as a public benefactor. Was he not the founder in succession of the London Orphan Asylum, and of the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood?

The Services.

Lieutenant-General Hamilton, C.B., retires from the York command in a few days, being succeeded probably by Major-General Lord Clarina. Major-General Sir J. M'Leod, K.C.B., does *not*, as stated, relinquish the Athlone command immediately. The condition of Ireland keeps Lieutenant-General J. R. Glyn, C.B., at Dublin, longer than was expected. So Major-General McLeod does not move, as anticipated, on the 31st.

A memorial to the late Sir George Pomeroy Colley is in contemplation.

Sir Garnet Wolseley has been charged with being privy to the disgraceful practical joke played by Ministers upon the nation and Sir Frederick Roberts. We refuse to believe for a moment that Sir Garnet Wolseley would lend himself to such unworthy treatment of "our other general."

Sir Garnet Wolseley was heartily disappointed at not getting the Indian command. As a matter of fact, he *ought* to have got it. Sir Donald Stewart is a fine soldierly officer, but not a man of any capacity. And India needs a man of active brains to-day badly: in a word, India needs Sir Garnet Wolseley.

But he was passed over—because he was not on good terms with the Duke of Cambridge—because the Horse Guards are afraid of his reforming brains—because Sir Donald Stewart used his interest well—because and because and because.

Then came the staggering defeats of Sir George Colley, one, two, three, the Boers hitting out straight from the shoulder and flooring "the Von Moltke of the Afghan campaign" at each blow. It was a crisis. So the nation felt: so ministers pretended to feel.

Sir Garnet was now placed in this position. If he went abroad he left Sir Frederick at home, an able office man, a pet of the Duke's, an apponent of the short service system, a hero of the hour. Moreover, his indignation at not getting India had been meanwhile soothed down by Mr. Childers' persistent assurances that Sir Garnet was as his right hand; that he needed him to look after the administrative business of the army, and to write articles for reviews, and that through "circumstances over which he had no control" had devolved India upon Sir Donald, yet, that Sir Garnet should not lose by the loss in the long run. Finally, it was evident to Sir Garnet, being in the Councils of Government, that there was just a chance of peace ahead, and that there might not after all be any large crop of laurels to be gathered off the Drakensberg.

So, on the whole, Sir Garnet decided not to push his claims to be sent to Africa, but to stop at home to take his peerage, and the chance of—dare I even whisper it—at the Horse Guards.

Sir Frederick Roberts, therefore, was duly equipped, and sent forth, on such an errand as no ministry should have put upon the soldier of many a stout fight, and many a gallant victory. If it had been Lord Chelmsford, the nation would only have laughed. But Roberts is honoured.

That Mr. Childers knew what he was doing,—he was playing a practical joke upon the nation, the army, and Sir Frederick Roberts—can never be doubted. That Sir Garnet Wolseley also had a suspicion that peace was imminent is not altogether beyond question. But that he wilfully connived at the unsoldierly act of taking peace on the terms which victorious rebels offered, no one will ever believe of him. He is too brave himself to acquiesce smugly in shameful defeat, and too chivalrous to assist in making a brother officer ridiculous.

He did not, we assert, join Mr. Childers in his practical joke.

A coolness, it is said, now exists between the War-office and the Horse Guards. This may easily be, for the Duke is a staunch Englishman. A little more cowardice in high places and a few more affronts upon the army might even decide him to resign the post which he has filled so long with such admirable judgment, and Sir Garnet Wolseley might thus succeed prematurely to a place which he is certain in any case, if he lives, to fill some day. But as yet there is no talk of resignation, only of "a coolness," which is thoroughly creditable to the Commander-in-Chief.

Naval Knights of Windsor are something more than human, or expected to be. By order of the Admiralty—"These gentlemen are to be superannuated or disabled Lieutenants of English men-of-war, single men, without children, inclined to lead a virtuous, studious, and devout life; to be removed if they give occasion for scandal."

By the Act 30 and 31 Victoria, cap. 100, widowers are deemed single men.

But it is omitted to be stated whether they must be without children or inclined to be virtuous. There is no reason why they should not be, though.

The general meeting of the National Rifle Association, to be held at the United Service Institution, on Wednesday next, will be presided over by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

Colonel Gordon is about to publish his letters written when "Governor-General of Egyptian Equatorial Africa." His publishers should get Mr. H. M. Stanley to edit it—with his own notes thereupon.

Courts and Courtiers.

Her Majesty arrives in London on Monday, holding a Drawing-Room on Tuesday, and returning to Windsor on Wednesday.

Her Majesty will hold a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace on the 29th, and H.R.H. the Prince of a Wales a *levée*, at St. James's Palace, on behalf of Her Majesty, on the 5th of April.

The Queen taking into Her Royal consideration that upon the decease of Lionel William John, Earl of Dysart, in the Peerage of that part of the United Kingdom called Scotland, which happened on the twenty-third day of September, 1879, the dignity of the Earl of Dysart devolved upon William John Manners, now Earl of Dysart, as the eldest son and heir of William Lionel Felix Tollemache, commonly called Lord Huntingtower, who, whilst living, was eldest son and heir apparent to the said Lionel William John, Earl of Dysart, and that according to the ordinary rules of honour, the sisters of the said Willian John Manners now Earl of Dysart, cannot enjoy that place and precedence which would have been due to them had their said father survived his father, the said Lionel William John, Earl of Dysart, and thereby succeeded to the title and dignity of Earl of Dysart, Her Majesty has been pleased to ordain and declare that Agnes Mary Manners Tollemache and Agatha Manners Tollemache, Spinsters, the sisters of the said William John Manners, now Earl of Dysart, shall henceford have, hold, and enjoy the same title, place, pre-eminence, and precedence as if their late father had succeeded to the title and dignity of Earl of Dysart.

Among the latest arrivals in town for the season are those of Earl Spencer, from Combermere Abbey; Major Bourke, from Cannes; the Marquis and Marchioness of Donegall, from Hampstead Marshall; of Baron Penedo, from Nice; of the Earl and Countess of Roden from the South of France; and of the Countess of Haddington, from Scotland.

The Earl of Lytton has taken Chandos House, in Portland-place, from the Duke of Buckingham, as his town residence.

Grass widower though he is, the Marquis of Lorne seems to be keeping brilliant court in the absence of the Princess-Marchioness. By way of consoling himself he is in a whirl of balls, receptions, tobogganning parties and private theatricals.

To say, as *Vanity Fair* does, that there is any anxiety at all in this country as to what may happen to the Prince and Princess of Wales during their stay in St. Petersburg is preposterous. There is no cause for such solicitude.

Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., Colonel Sir Charles J. S. Gough, K.C.B., Colonel Frances Jenkins, C.B., and Lieut.-Colonel G. F. Chapman, C.B., visited Windsor Castle on Thursday, and had the honour of being included in the Queen's dinner party.

The Hon. Harriet Phipps and the Hon. Evelyn Moore have replaced the Hon. Frances Drummond and the Hon.

Ethel Cadogan as Maids of Honour-in-Waiting upon Her Majesty.

Earl and Countess Sefton are at present entertaining a distinguished company at their Lancashire residence, Croxteth-park.

Lord and Lady Rosslyn, and the Misses Maynard, are expected in town to-day.

The dance to be given by the Countess of Mexborough will take place on the 30th inst., in Dover-street.

Sir Bartle and Lady Frere have removed their residence from Hyde Park Gardens to Duke-street, Grosvenor-square.

Lord Ducie is down at Cowes. The Countess of Sefton, who was there lately, has left, as her little son, who is a pupil at the Grange, has recovered from his serious illness.

Lady Dudley is expected at "Egypt" for Easter. Very few great ladies have ever won more universal admiration and respect at Cowes than she last summer.

Mr. Edwin Corbett, now Minister at Athens, and Mr. F. C. Ford, C.B., C.M.G., now at Rio de Janeiro, exchange places, the former going to the Brazilians, the latter to the Hellenes.

Gossip of Town.

LAWSON v. LABOUCHERE.

(FROM OUR OWN GOSSIP.)

The tame pigeons and the sun will go on fluttering, and the penny steamboats plying, down at Westminster.

But a Prime Minister of England figuring in a case where the "professional libeller" is "thrashed like a dog" by an opponent branded as "a disgrace to journalism," will never be seen again.

But so it was, and sad enough. The gallery crammed; the court choked. Faces familiar in fashion, politics, literature, law.

The Premier on the Bench beside the Chief Justice of England. Below, a Member of Parliament charged on criminal offence, and two of Her Majesty's late Government representing the prosecuting proprietor of a great daily newspaper.

Sir William Jenner "in attendance."

The Editor of a powerful journal sitting, for want of space, upon the usher's perch. A crowd of waiting witnesses penned in the doorway like sheep.

The avowed reason for all this, an unkind word said by "a professional libeller" of a dead rich man!

Mr. Gladstone, as he stands this sunny morning beside the fair, fresh Judge, forms a Rembrandt picture.

The carved canopy above throws deep shadow down upon the daïs, and upon its great bas-relief of the arms of England, and on the crimson trappings.

With his quick, eager movement, Mr. Gladstone steps forward, so that the bright light from the lantern-roof falls on his pale face. Grey shadows lurk under the strong brow and in the deep hollows of the cheek, making his pallor almost livid.

It was characteristic of the Minister that he should be upon the Bench before the Judge.

A cheer rose as he stepped up. Doffing his coat, the Premier looked down upon the Court with palpable interest, until Lord Coleridge's entrance.

The faultless bow of the courtier Judge and the jewelled hand met the rising Minister. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who kept modestly in the background, was introduced to the Judge, and the evidence commenced.

Like Mazzini, Mr. Gladstone, dresses in sombre black of a past mode, and might be taken for a decaying schoolmaster.

"I call Mr. Gladstone," said Mr. Labouchère. The Premier stepped to the side of the Judge's table, with the famous "correspondence" in his hand.

Mr. Gladstone smiled as he admitted that his appeal to Mr. Lawson and Mr. Arnold on the Eastern Question met with shakings of the head, and again, when asked if he had since seen Mr. Lawson, replied, once only at Eton, when Mr. Lawson asked a ticket for his lecture.

The reports this morning omit an acknowledgment, elicited from Mr. Gladstone by Sir Hardinge Giffard, that he was aware Mr. Lawson had two of his boys at Eton.

The faultless bow and the jewelled hand once more from Lord Coleridge, two low bows to the Court, and Mr. Gladstone, gathering up his coat and stick, steps back from the light into the shadow from which, in this place, we may hope, he will emerge no more.

The final witnesses for the defence.

Mr. Edmund Yates, cheery and resonant, bears witness as coolly as he bears the *World*.

"I asked for the will of his uncle, which I thought was remarkably good 'copy'"—to the delight of the Court, half filled with contributors to the *World*.

Heads of *Telegraph* departments, who know nothing they are wanted to know; head of a Board of Trade Department, who knows everything he is wanted to know, step up and swear, and step down.

More "Beefsteak" witnesses, until everybody feels that the Beefsteak is overdone.

Mr. Corney Grain, on pleasant terms with himself and leading Counsel, enters the box.

Admitting to be "the well-known Mr. Corney Grain," Lord Coleridge in his blandest tones has "no doubt you are." He said that when dogs had been thrashed their hats were "a little knocked in." This cheered the defendant much, and he called up "a literary man," Mr. Stephens, but Mr. Stephens, "to the best of his belief," had not much to say except that Mr. George Phillips had once interfered with his supper.

So Dr. Davies, the Rev., came on. He amused the public by seeming to think that the proprietors of the *D.T.*, when "they found him out" to write a religious article, had been hunting him up for some improper purpose.

Mr. Kingston, to the great grief of his admirers, was not to be found. "*Ubi est ille* Kingston," said my lord. "*Cum cacchinatione undulante trepidante responsum est*"—"He's hooked it."

But, as Sir Hardinge remarked, "What's the odds about one more or less? Almost every one connected with the *Daily Telegraph* has been subpœnaed." But how about Thompson with a "p?" *If you please*, Mr. Labouchere, subpœna Mr. Thompson—with a "p."

Mr. Lloyd, called upon to father the indecent advertisements which have so outraged the editor of *Truth*, declined to do so, refusing, extraordinary as it may seem, to know anything about other people's business. The *D. T.*, he said, had a circulation of 269,000 during the Turkish war, and

has not gone down since. He did not mean it had not decreased, but that the war had decreased lately.

Sandwiches and sherry.

Still hankering after the genial Mr. Kingston ("You should hear his stories, m'Lud," whispered distinguished counsel to the Bench. His Lordship looked wistfully at the door). But it was no use.

Mr. Labouchere, in his subdued last words, adjured the jury to beware of Sir Hardinge Giffard. He asked the jury to look thoroughly at the case as it stood. "It was admitted that Mr. Lawson led him into an ambush at midnight; that he afterwards published an account of the incident of a bragging description; and that he rejected the challenge to fight, but subsequently on the ground that he (the speaker) was a professional libeller, and consequently an unfit man to cross swords with."

Then followed, noisily, Mr. Harrison, saying what he thought about the *D. T.*, its manners, and men.

First to follow Labouchere

And then Hardinge Giffard sternly rose, and opened his passionless address, which is to close on Monday.

General leave of absence to-day. Full parade on Monday morning. Glory or death, and dissolution on Tuesday.

Many and various reflections, says the *Law Times*, will probably be indulged in " with reference to the deplorable Labouchere-Lawson case, which has for days blocked one court for the trial of special jury causes. We believe it is the general opinion that neither this nor any recent case in which the suitor has been his own advocate has shaken the veracity of the proverb that he who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client. No counsel would have been allowed the latitude granted to Mr. Labouchere. No advocate with any knowledge of his art would have frittered away his points in reiterated and irrelevant questionings as Mr. Labouchere did. A second-rate Queen's Counsel would have made a better speech. It was tedious and ineffective; the jury were sensibly bored."

Our rash contemporary continues:—"It is intolerable that the Labouchere squabble should occupy even a week, or that the defendant should have wasted an afternoon in cross-examining the prosecutor as to the incidents of the assault outside the Beefsteak Club, and the characteristics of Mr. Montague Williams, who, notwithstanding his legal knowledge—admired by Mr. Labouchere, backed by Lord Coleridge—thinks it consistent with his position to encourage manslaughter, and to aspire to commit it. His desire and his willingness to shoot Mr. Labouchere might commend him to the 41st Regiment, but we are surprised that they should have met with no rebuke from the judge."

A correspondent writes to us:—

"It was the opinion of all who heard him that Mr. Labouchere, though a clever man, would have been a shocking bad lawyer. For instance, he let Mr. Edwin Arnold get in once or twice by simple want of judgment: and that last broadside of 'a life like yours,' which dropped the defendant in his tracks, might easily have been avoided."

May we be permitted to say that the Front Treasury Bench suits Mr. Gladstone better than does the Court of Queen's Bench? The Premier of England did not appear to advantage in his attempt to mix up legal evidence with a political manifesto. However, it gave Mr. Herbert Gladstone the opportunity of being introduced to the successor of the late Lord Cockburn.

The Court seemed to have no difficulty in believing that the Premier monopolised the whole of the conversation during the ten minutes which was allotted to three persons. His listeners, however, shook their heads the while, but by no means discourteously, over the old man's apparent lapse of memory as to the length of that interview.

Mr. Gladstone should write a "History of Rationalism; or the freeing and raising the subject races: a political panacea," and dedicate it to the Greeks.

IN HOLLOWAY FOR LIBEL.

To the Editor of "The Cuckoo."—Sir,—Your correspondent who is just out of gaol appeals to me to answer the question with which his startling revelations terminate: "Very rough, indeed—except for Ritualistic clergmen and Irish 'pathriots'—is first-class misdemeanancy now-a-days. Ask Mr. James Mortimer if it isn't." I stretch a point in calling this a qestion, for it is an assertion based upon an experience which was not mine.

When I had the honour of being the Queen's guest at Holloway Castle, now more than twelve months ago, I had very little to complain of except that the life I led lacked variety, and circumstances prevented my attendance at the theatres on first nights.

I had whatever I liked to eat and drink, and found it no hardship to abstain from whisky. In this respect I differ, doubtless, from your other correspondent.

I received any visitors I wished to see, and only those I wished to see, which is more than I can say now.

The Governor of the Pr——I mean the Castle—was from the first most kind and courteous, and permitted me every privilege within the limits of his duty. I was and am grateful to Colonel Milman and the principal warders.

Since my time the principal warders and the doctor have retired, after many years' hard service. New brooms proverbially sweep clean. Perhaps your correspondent didn't humour (as I did) the political idiosyncrasies of his warders. Perhaps the perky Sawbones who has succeeded Dr. Graham vaccinated your correspondent too many times a day. Perhaps—but your space is limited.

As regards the chaplain, I hope he did your correspondent as much good as he did me. I thought him a very powerful preacher—for a very small one. It is still a moot point, however, in my mind, whether his right or his left inflicted the most punishment on his pulpit-pad. I liked him best when at his best, which was only on rare occasions.

Still, the worthy chaplain now and then had heavy colds.

Yours faithfully,

J. Mortimer.

We shall not be happy until we know whether the Lord Mayor is, or is not, a teetotaller.

If he is not, why does he champion teetotalism so strongly?

If he is, why does he not practise it?

Bursting water pipes are not less potentially dangerous than bursting gas pipes. In the Edgware-road the water got the better of the main and ripped up the wooden pavement with extraordinary force.

Mr. William Senior ("Red Spinner"), from Queensland, is due in London on the 3rd of April, and the White Friars Club will give him welcome at dinner on the 8th.

Can our lady readers imagine such a monster? A labourer of Woodbridge refused to pay for his wife's looking-glass, on the ground that it was—not a necessary!

He aggravated his crime by adding that a "pail of water" did just as well.

But we are glad to see that the judge was down upon him like—like—like a married man who knows better.

A large number of European quails was last year imported from Italy into the United States, and a law protecting them for three years was passed. The result is that after only one breeding season they have increased so largely and distributed themselves over so large an area that sportsmen can look forward with certainty to having another admirable addition to their game list, adapted to furnish some of the prettiest sport in the world, and able, moreover, by the instinct of migration, to protect itself from the killing winters of the north and west.

Among the week's contributions to the Zoological Society's Gardens, as officially notified, are "a horrid rattlesnake" and "a common badger." There is, then, we presume, an "agreeable" variety of the rattlesnake, but how about the badger? Farmer Crump, speaking of this creature, said, "T' badger, sir, it's a huncommon beast, it is."

Large crowds go daily to see the great South African diamond at Clerkenwell-green. It is described as being an ounce in weight, and finer in colour than the Kohinoor. An offer of £150,000 has been made for a half-share in the treasure, but Mr. Parker Rhodes is said to be disposed to risk the cutting, which, while it will reduce the weight, may increase its value.

So stringent are the regulations and precautions deemed necessary in the House of Commons to guard against all possible attempts at outrage, and so careful are the officials in the admittance of visitors, that the number of persons seeking to find their way into St. Stephen's has decreased during the past few days far below the average, even on uneventful occasions.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have derived the liveliest amusement from the conflicting paragraphs that have appeared in the papers concerning the sea voyage they are reported to have in contemplation. Nevertheless, I believe a trip to the Ægean is seriously looked forward to by the Premier.

By reason of a sale of household effects, &c., at Astley's Hotel, Covent-garden, the Urban Club, the Oasis, and one or two other societies, have been disturbed in their quarters. The Urbans have taken refuge, temporarily, at Anderton's.

A melancholy story is told by my good friend *Citizen*—as to the accuracy of which I should be glad indeed if I could be in any way incredulous. The facts, however, appear to be beyond dispute. And the facts are very briefly these:

A subscription list is going the round in the City in behalf of a blind and starving lady, now nearly ninety years of age, the sister of Alderman Waithman, that worthy magnate of the City of London whom the obelisk in Ludgate-circus, familiar to us all for years past, commemorates.

Another case of almost equally deplorable destitution has simultaneously been brought to the knowledge of the merchant princes of the metropolis. It is that of a widowed Lady Mayoress, who is eking out her existence upon a wretched pittance in an obscure village in Sussex. Mr. Deputy Taylor's Fund, the idea of which was thrown out some years ago, but which never came to anything, it is now suggested, with some show of reason, should be set on foot in real earnest.

Maud Branscombe (Mrs. E. M. Stuart) has come back again from her home in the United States to London. Back again? Has she not been with us all the while without intermission—in every window of the photographers, and in almost every imaginable costume, from the veiled nun to the sailor and the *debardeur?*

A cruel suggestion is thrown out by one who has no belief whatever in the sensational stories about the pistol said to have been sent to the Home Office, or about the box of gunpowder reported to have been placed on the window-sill at the Mansion House. His notion is that both the Lord Mayor and Sir William Harcourt are funny people who are labouring under delusions. "A mad world, my masters."

Westminster Aquarium offered yesterday, as a "special attraction," the opportunity of seeing an exhibition of pistol shooting by Mr. Ira A. Paine, whose modest title is the Champion All Round Shot of the World.

Ira Paine's performance made him the lion of the evening. The fishes were observed to turn their eyes wonderingly at the unwonted sound of a pistol, and that other "attraction"—she of the abnormally long hair—was heard to wonder how it was that her capillary charms had waned.

Capt. Paine is a very fair shot.

Anxious husbands may now feel some sort of ease respecting the liability for debts contracted by disobedient wives. It appears to be generally conceded by recent decisions, that if a husband prohibits his wife from pledging his credit—allowing her, of course, a sufficient sum to meet her expenses—he is not responsible for any obligation she may contract.

The question has also some interest for not less anxious tradesmen, who have, in the now ascertained state of the law, a justifiable ground for asking questions from lady customers which would otherwise be flagrant breaches of the laws of *savoir faire.*

It may be as well notified to the public that so great is demand for tickets to the Strangers' Gallery for April 4th and 7th, that no further applications can be entertained.

The "Memorial Fund" to Mr. Buckland will, it is hoped, suffice to supplement his widow's income by an annuity of £100 a-year, to set up a bust of the deceased naturalist in South Kensington, and, if there is any balance, to "promoting the welfare of the fishermen of his country, which Mr. Frank Buckland had much at heart."

Giving whales electric shocks, in addition to harpooning them, appears to us to be taking rather an unfair scientific advantage of Behemoth.

But the whale is looked upon by those who hunt him as only a wild oil-barrel, after all, and the quicker he is caught and bottled off the better.

For the idea, it is an excellent one. The harpoon is connected with the battery on board by means of an insulated wire, and the moment the harpoon strikes, the shock is given, the bulky cetacean at once confessing the power of the unusual attack, by remaining paralysed when struck, and, apparently, dying at once.

The Day's Amusements.

A pantomimic effect has been secured for the performance of *Gerty* at the Park Theatre, in the shape of an instantaneous change from the exterior to the interior of a burning theatre. It is like the ghastly realisation in miniature of the calamity which has just befallen Nice.

We congratulate Dr. Grace on having so much practice that he cannot play cricket. But, as cricketers, we deplore the fact that he should be able to get so little practice, considering the big county matches that will need him.

Practice makes perfect, but it unmakes cricketers. Too much really means not enough.

An enterprising Philadelphian citizen, high up, has written to ask my opinion about a team of American cricketers paying England a visit during the season. For my own part, from what I saw of cricket while in America, I should advise our cousins to remain where they are until their form has improved "some." If, however, they are bent on the trip, the best thing they can do is to put themselves in the hands of my old friend, P. T. Barnum, and let him stir them round. He would, I'll wager, make the trip pay, whether the noble exponents be good, bad, or indifferent.

I have received the report of the Special Committee appointed by the Surrey County Cricket Club to consider the means of improving the present position of cricket in Surrey. The body, of whom Lord Morrison was President, with the Earl of Bessborough as Vice-President, make very good suggestions, which, if put into practice, cannot but be of benefit to the pastime. They recommend a liberal policy with regard to professionals, and also propose that the best eleven, whether composed of amateurs or professionals, should be at all times put in the field. With Mr. A. P. Lucas as captain, and an enlightened policy to push it up, this once famous club ought to regain its former position.

The new Oxford boat, built by Messrs. Swaddle and Bishop, in length, 57ft. 7in.; breadth, 22in.; depth, 9in.: height of stern, 7in. She is built of Mexican cedar.

It arrived on Thursday, but a fair trial was not given her till to-day when all the outriggers were raised. The latter, however, are very weak and a new set has been ordered of Clasper, and after they had got as far as Spade Oak Ferry they returned to the boat house, and discarded her for the 1880 boat which was not used for the race, and which seemed to suit the men much better. Several of the men have put on weight since they were weighed last, and those who laid odds on the Oxonians may not have much the worst of it. Tims leaves with the boats on Saturday night, and the crew will depart for their new quarters at Acacia Lodge, Putney, on Sunday.

It is thought at Oxford that if Mr. Edwards-Moss, of "Dark Blue" renown, cannot coach the Oxonians during their sojourn at Putney, they will fall back on Mr. W. B. Woodgate, formerly of Brasenose, and now of the Temple, who has several times had a look in on the crew at Marlow and Bourne-end, and who is, as usual, much interested in the colours he so ably supported twenty years ago.

Since the Dark Blues have been located at Bourne End, they have not shown to such advantage as they did this afternoon (Friday). Starting from the Gulls at Marlow, West set them 32, and the rate was maintained to past Bourne End Bridge, where he quickened to 33, and at that rate finished up to Cookham Lock. A terrific wind blew from the north-east, and although at times it caught the boat and made her roll considerably, they acquitted themselves well, the feather being much cleaner, while the time in the boat showed a decided improvement; at times they were somewhat short, but a reminder from Mr. Moss soon put them right on this point.

At the present moment the Cambridge crew are about a score pounds heavier than Oxford, while the bow side of the latter's boat outweighs the stroke side by 17 lbs. It would seem, therefore, necessary, on the part of the Dark Blues to do a bit of equalising, and I should think the reserve Mr. Harrison's services should be brought into requisition.

The arrangements for the Inter-'Varsity sports this year fall to the "Light Blues," who will also do the honours at the dinner-table at the annual meeting of present and past University Athletes, to be held the same evening. The very unthankful office of starter at the sports, so efficiently, but yet pleasantly, performed by Mr. C. N. Jackson, of Hertford College, Oxford, for very many years past, we learn, also devolves on a "Light Blue," in the person of Mr. Churchill.

Messrs. G. Treherne and J. Goldie, the hon. secretaries of the University Boat Race Commemoration Dinner write: "Half a century having passed since the first University boat race, it was unanimously resolved, at a meeting held on the 17th December last, that an effort should be made to bring together at a dinner to be held in London in the ensuing spring, the largest possible number of men who have since (and including) the year 1829, when the first race was rowed, represented their University at Putney, Henley, or in the Thames Regatta.

It has been since decided to hold the dinner, at which Mr. Chitty will take the chair, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, on Thursday, the 7th of April next, being the evening before this year's Putney race, which will be rowed early the next morning.

Invitations have been sent to all those whose addresses we have been able to ascertain, but we shall be glad if any who may by an oversight not have received an invitation will communicate with us at their earliest convenience. The following are the addresses still wanting:—Oxford.—Balgay, Brasenose College, 1852; Barker, Christ Church College, 1852; W. D. Craven, Worcester College, 1876; Rev. C. E. Malan, Worcester College, 1871-2, Rev. F. L. Moysey, Christ Church College, 1836; W. Robertson, Wadham, 1861; Rev. R. Shepherd, Brasenose College, 1863; Rev. E. or F. T. Stephens, Exeter College, 1836; Stratford H. Stratford, Christ Church College, 1844. Cambridge.—T. W. Barker, Trinity College, 1878; G. Budd, Lady Margaret, 1837; T. Venables, Jesus College, 1844.

An additional steamer for the use of those attending the dinner will accompany the race.

Edward Hanlan is writing to the American papers to deny that he deceived his friends on the occasion of the match with Trickett.

It is known that a code of signals had been agreed upon between him and his friends by which he was to convey to them the chances of the race as it proceeded, and the allegation is that having the race in his hands, he yet signalled that he was beaten, thus causing his backers to lose money.

Hanlan's denial is brief, and it is emphatic. "I couldn't have deceived them," he writes, "if I were so inclined. A blind man could see that Trickett was done for before we had gone half a mile."

An outsider may remark that it is difficult to see what useful purpose could have been gained by such a deception.

The Liverpool Grand National will, in time, get to be known as "Pat's Monopoly" if this sort of thing goes on much longer. For three years in succession Irish horses have proved themselves superior at the cross-country game, and there is very little doubt but that they are better trained in this particular than those owned in England.

When I first mentioned Woodbrook as sure to be thereabouts at the finish of the Grand National, Liberator was supposed to be in good fettle, and looked like going well. His performance yesterday, however, showed that he was thoroughly unfit, while, on the other hand, Woodbrook was everything to be desired, and won anyhow.

The result of the race is not by any means "good goods" for the bookmakers, as the horse is supposed to have "carried a cartload of money," being especially well supported by the Irish contingent.

Possibly thinking that the Prince of Wales (who, by the bye, is a very good skater) might be induced to go in for figure skating, the N.S.A. have just forwarded a copy of their handbook for his acceptance; they, in return, receiving the Royal thanks through Sir F. Knollys.

Perhaps one of the most degrading branches of sport engaged in in this or any other country is what are known as go-as-you-please contests. I am glad to hear that the gate money speculations in this direction have been thoroughly *enclosed* in New York lately, as the public will not patronise these shows at all, and an out-of-pocket loss to the projectors is the result.

The best amateur walking performance on record is twenty miles in 3 hours 3 min. 35 sec., done by F. Pace at Bow Grounds in 1865, and if either Messrs. Coston or Sinclair succeed in cutting this to-day at Stamford Bridge I shall be surprised.

At the Cambridge Sports yesterday, E. Storey (Trinity won the hundred yards pretty easily, although his time (10 3-5 sec.) is nothing to boast of. J. G. Bradshaw (Jesus), in the half-mile race, did better in this respect; his easy win in 2 min. 3 sec. shows him to be a good man.

The Americans are evidently open to improve the quality of their horseflesh, as I understand Mr. Tattersall has just shipped a number of stallions to that country, for sale by auction.

Mr. J. W. Morrison's Free Flag, in the greyhound line, in my opinion, has the likeliest chance of winning the Gosforth Gold Cup. This dog, it will be remembered, was put out of the recent Waterloo Cup competition, after winning three courses.

To-day's concerts at the Crystal Palace will include Schubert's *Ninth Symphony*, Beethoven's *Concerto in C Minor* (played by Madame Montigny-Remaury), and a Scottish orchestral rhapsody, entitled *Burns*, by Mr. A. C. Mackenzi

At the Arts Club.

I am looking forward to the pleasure of hearing Mr. Richard Mansfield, who will play the leading part in the new comic opera which is to be produced at the Globe Theatre at Easter. In the provinces for the last two years Mr. Mansfield has been singing Mr. George Grossmith's parts with the greatest success; and, if talent be hereditary, he should be a great artist, since he is the son of Rüdersdorff. A few evenings ago he gave some very clever imitations of popular singers at a private party, at which Mr. Grossmith himself congratulated him.

Mr. Albert McGuckin, the new baritone, whose repute has preceded him, and who has recently returned from Milan, will make his *début* very shortly, now, in London.

Fashion, again, is already beginning to indulge in its usual spring prettinesses. Do I not read of claret-coloured riding habits; of bunches of flowers worn of an evening instead of shoe buckles, a yellow bunch on one foot, and lilac on the other; of Mother Hubbard bonnets towering up in chip, leghorn, gauze, plush, and multi-coloured straw; of Princess bonnets "emphasizing the graceful contour of the head," and the loosely-tied strings enhancing the roundness of the cheeks!" Again, and yet again—A-ah!

The Poet Laureate, who recently arrived in London, will remain here for a few months longer.

Two new portraits of Mrs. Langtry are rapidly getting ready now for the Royal Academy Exhibition, Mr. Millais first swung into note at Burlington House the now familiar grace and charm of the Jersey lily.

Only one likeness of George Eliot is "authorised" by her family. This is a completely-finished crayon, full face, for which the novelist sat in 1867 to Mr. Frederick Burton. It is now being etched, and will, by permission of Mr. Cross, be published in *Scribner's Monthly*.

All other portraits, except that by Mr. Lawrence, which it is not proposed to object to, "were taken without George Eliot's consent, and are not merely not authorised, but strongly condemned, by Mr. Cross."

En passant, Mr. Cross was George Eliot's husband.

Miss Braddon, as a novel writer, is said to have retired. As a play writer she is now coming forward, and, as we said some time ago, Miss Genevieve Ward is believed to have one of the sensational novelist's plays with her now.

Ouida has scored a delightful triumph over Edinburgh virtue. The directors of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution withdrew that lady's novels from the library some time ago, but at the last meeting they "unanimously" resolved to put them back on the shelves!

What has happened? Are the directors more immodest than they were, or have the books improved by keeping?

Lord Archibald Campbell joins his brother in the noble army of poets. A short "pome," entitled an "Address to the 42nd Royal Highlanders," is to be published in a magazine. Anything is better than the Psalms.

Miss Marion West concluded her engagements with the Manchester Theatre Royal, and the acting-manager of the Prince of Wales's on the same day. She ceased simultaneously to be *Selim* and Miss Marion West, by leaving the Manchester pantomime, and becoming Mrs. W. H. Griffiths.

Mrs. Mortimer Collins will publish immediately, through

the hands of Messrs. Sonnenschein and Allen, a new novelette, entitled "The Woodleighs of Amscote."

Mr. Barrett, I learn, has assumed the editorship of the *Orchestra*.

Among coming singers are a daughter of Mr. Santley, a nephew of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and a brother of Barton McGuckin.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann has fixed the 5th of May for her concert; and the complimentary benefit at St. James's Hall to Mr. Brinsley Richards is fixed for May 21.

Among the engagements concluded for the coming season of the Royal Italian Opera are the names of Mesdames Patti, Sembrich, Albani, Scalchi, Mdlle. Valleria, Messrs. Nicolini, Gayarre, Lassalle, Cotogni, Ciampi. Two novelties are promised—Rubinstein's "Demon," with Madame Albani, and Mozart's "Seraglio," with Madame Sembrich.

Madame Frickenhaus announces three subscription concerts, to be given at the Royal Academy Concert Rooms on Wednesday evenings, April 20th, May 11th, and June 8th. She will be assisted by Messrs. J. T. Carrodus, Louis Ries, J. Ludwig, J. B. Zerbini, Daubert, and E. Howell. At the first concert a pianoforte trio by Mr. F. H. Cowen is to be given.

An amateur concert in aid of the Bournemouth Home for Invalid Ladies is to be given at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday evening, the 29th inst., under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and many others.

A testimonial is being organised to Mr. Manns, who for a quarter of a century has conducted the Crystal Palace Concerts.

Mr. Toole gives an afternoon performance at the Folly to-day, appearing as Buzfuz in "Bardell *v.* Pickwick," and as Harry Coke, in "Off the Line."

Mdme. Modjeska will appear as Juliet this evening at the Court Theatre—for the first time.

London Assurance is down for Monday at the Imperial Theatre. It will be in the hands of Miss Ellen Terry and a powerful company.

Studio Sunday (to-morrow) comes round so suddenly as to be almost unexpected. In Kensington, the æsthetic, a great run on peacocks' feathers, cut flowers all bought up early this morning, much Japanese china broken. In St. John's Wood, the practical, sound, strong sherry, laid in on Friday, Dundee cakes from Buszard's, a few wine glasses smashed. In Chelsea (red brick and intense) tapestry hung up; the lay figure judiciously draped and looking a little less angular than the lady's figure who arranges it; small china cups without handles, from which tea (said to be Russian), acidulated with lemon juice, is drunk with difficulty, and tastes like medicine.

But I have forgotten the pictures and their curious quality of producing a kind of paralysis of the tongue the moment the unfortunate visitor is brought face to face with the canvas. Ladies seem to succeed better, and characterise the works as if they were their friends' babies. A critic looks in, and becoming at once unintelligible, is thought to be deep. The painter's children are sent for, and come in looking preternaturally good and distressingly uncomfortable. The marked difference between art and nature is fairly illustrated in their costumes, and their skirts are so short that if the poor bairns only had tights on, it would be said they were improper. As, however, they have no tights it is said they are artistic.

As for the picture, there seems a general desire to fight shy of it. The artist himself has not a word to say, and drinks more tea than is good for him. The young ladies find the bric-brac most interesting, are delighted with daggers, slippers, skulls, and breastplates, and even admire the thighbone of a donkey under the idea that it is ivory. They also admire their own figures in the mirror. The picture retains its paralysing influence, and nobody knows what to say about it.

At last a washed-out looking gentleman, with a big chin—hitherto occupied in protecting his hat—suddenly announces that he has rarely seen a work exhibiting so much light and shade, so much atmosphere, so much breadth of effect, such a whimsical touch, and at the same time, such firm handling. Everybody agrees, and a spectral clock, that looks like the coffin of an unusually tall Patagonian giant who had died of starvation, dramatically strikes eleven. The real hour is 4.35; new visitors now are announced, and there is a clearance of the old. Then the programme begins all over again. This is what people call going the rounds on Studio Sunday.

A grand English Festival will be given on St. George's Day, in the Royal Albert Hall, Mr. Carter's Choir taking part in the performance.

The Victoria Coffee Music Hall popular concerts still continue. The four that yet remain to be given will be directed in turn by Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. John Hullah, Mr. Cusins, and Mr. Randegger.

The next Bach choir concert will take place on the 6th prox., at St. James's Hall, with Mrs. Osgood, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley as leading vocalists. Handel's *Alexander's Feast* will be performed for the first time by the choir on the occasion.

Churches and Churchmen.

Clergymen's singing classes is a step in the right direction. But it would surely have been better to have begun with speaking ones.

It is almost a public scandal that so many weak voiced, stuttering, squeaky, and otherwise absurd persons, should have been permitted to occupy pulpits, and it would be well if a respectable presence and good voice were made essentials for holy orders.

Many good men are good-looking, and virtue is not a monopoly of the unsightly.

But these new singing arrangements are admirable, for the tuneful Churchman is a treasure in these days.

"On behalf of the Academical Board," therefore, rules have been published for special musical examinations for clergy and candidates for holy orders "intended to supply the acknowledged need of a system by which the musical efficiency of clergy desirous of undertaking what is known as the priest's part in choral services may be duly tested and guaranteed."

The examination will include the following sections:—(*a*) Monotoning, or maintenance of pitch on a given note. Additional credit will be given for accurate "pitching" of note without assistance. (*b*) Intoning passages from the Litany, Preces, Versicles, etc. (*c*) Sight-seeing tests of a simple character. (*d*) Questions on (1) notation, time, clefs used in Church Music, and (2) general acquaintance with standard Church Music, and Church Musical History. The examination will occupy from twenty to thirty minutes for each candidate, and candidates who satisfy the examiners will be classed in two divisions:—First-class and

second, or pass. Each successful candidate will receive a certificate of the class in which he has passed.

Promotion in the Church will then go by choral requirements, and Bishops be appointed according as certain dioceses require a bass or a baritone. Under these circumstances, what a Primate Signor Foli would have made!

A tenor might do as an Archdeacon or as a Minor Canon, but we do not think we could properly respect a tenor Bishop.

At the Chapel Royal, Savoy, to-morrow, the pulpit will be occupied by the Bishop of Derry, in the room of the Bishop of Long Island, New York, who is detained on the Continent.

An order was issued by the Lords yesterday, in the Enraght *v.* Perkins appeal, against the judgment of the Appeal Court, calling on Lord Penzance and Mr. Perkins to answer. It was also directed that the order should be served upon the respondents. Lord Penzance will hold an Arches Court to-day, and decide whether he will proceed with the *significavit* against Mr. Enraght.

Preachers for To-morrow.—St. Paul's Cathedral—In the morning, the Rev. Prebendary Humphry, rector of St. Martin-in-the-fields; in the afternoon, the Rev. Canon Gregory; in the evening, the Rev. Canon Norris, vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. Westminster Abbey—In the morning, the Rev. Canon Prothero, rector of Whippingham, Isle of Wight; in the afternoon, the Hon. and Rev. F. E. C. Byng, vicar of St. Peter's, South Kensington. Chapel Royal, St. James's—In the morning (10), the Rev. Francis Garden, sub-dean; at noon, the Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Jones). Chape Royal, Whitehall—In the morning, the Very Rev. Dr. Smith, Dean of Canterbury; in the afternoon, the Rev. Dr. Perowne. Chapel Royal, Savoy—In the morning and evening, the Right Rev. Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry. Temple Church—In the morning, the Rev. Canon Spence, vicar of St. Pancras; in the afternoon, the Rev. A. Ainger. Lincoln's-inn Chapel—In the morning, the Rev. Henry Wace; in the afternoon, the Rev. C. J. Ball. St. Lawrence Jewry, Gresham-street—Morning, 10.45 a.m. Rev. Professor Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol, Oxford St. James's, Piccadilly—At 11, the Bishop of London. St. John, Bethnal-green—At 7, Bishop Claughton. St. Peter, Eaton-square—At 4.15, Canon Wilkinson; at 7, the Rev T. F. Young. St. Clement Danes—At 8.30 and 11 a.m., the Rev. the Rector; at 7 p.m., the Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D.

Law and Police.

The death of Mr. Granville Somerset, Q.C., cousin of the Duke of Beaufort, makes a vacancy in the Recordership of Gloucester. As Recorderships go, it is a lucrative post, being actually worth more than £100 a-year, and accounted the best Recordership on the Oxford Circuit. There is sure to be considerable competition for the place, which is in the gift of the Home Secretary; but the good people of Gloucester are not likely again to be served by a scion of the House of Badminton.

The sittings at Nisi Prius in Middlesex will be suspended to-day, and not resumed until after the Easter Vacation. The result of the continuous sitting of several courts has been that out of 734 causes only 136 remain untried.

The London sittings will commence on Monday. There are 152 special and 270 common jury causes awaiting trial. —*Law Times.*

Preparations are in progress in the Solicitor's department of the Treasury for the bribery prosecutions which must follow upon the report of the Bribery Commissioners The information, in the majority of cases, will be filed in time for the trials to take place at the next summer assizes.

There will be plenty of them.

Mr. Horace Smith, B.A., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge has been appointed Recorder of Lincoln, in the place of Mr. Justice Cave, the new judge. Mr. John Monsey Collyer of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, has been nominated Legal Adviser to the Exchequer and Audit Department, Somerset House.

Apropos of Newnham, the girl-graduate college, an amusing anecdote is told by the *Academy* of the way in which the Premier's daughter has made herself almost a necessity in every part of the college life. How she fills her place in the highest section of it is known to all; but a few months ago the gas in a lecture-room went out, and at once rose the familiar cry, "Where's Miss Gladstone?" She was the one to set everything right.

In the City.

From Nevada's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
From Afric's sunny fountains
New mines will come to hand.
Blow, blow, ye Press, their story,
And please "Promoters" say
Will "Bulls" or "Bears" have glory
When comes the "settling day."

I hear that all fittings necessary for using the electric light are complete, and next week denizens of the City will have the opportunity of seeing Ludgate-circus, and other parts, brilliant with the light of day, when less favoured spots are obscured with the shades of night—and indifferent gas.

It is a curious coincidence that the widow of Maximilian, the harlequin emperor of Mexico, should be among the shareholders of the Panama Canal. Her Highness holds 180, and is one of sixteen thousand ladies similarly interested in the Duc de Lesseps latest scheme.

One American railway dispute is ended. Peace is signed between the "Baltimore and Ohio" and Pennsylvania companies. Through traffic from Baltimore to Philadelphia and Ohio will pass over the Pennsylvania line. Reading shareholders are vociferous.

Who pays the legal expenses in the fight between President Gowen and the McCalmonts? It is sincerely to be hoped that they are defrayed by these implacable disputants, or otherwise the Philadelphia and Reading sovereigns will be soon disseminated. Mr. Gowen's friends threaten that if the decision of the Philadelphia Court of Common is adverse, they will appeal to the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. At this rate, litigation may be eternal.

Mr. William Corrie, many years Remembrancer of the City, has just died at his residence in Cleveland-square.

Cuckoo Notes.

It is asserted in *Truth* that "the story circulated last week concerning Lord Beaconsfield, Messrs. Longmans and 'Endymion' is an invention." Now that story appeared in the first number of THE CUCKOO, and is strictly accurate. Will Mr. Labouchere pay twenty pounds into the Mechi Fund if we convict him of an impudent misstatement?

Our Delirious Contributor has broken out into verse:—

THE CUCKOO!

THE CUCKOO, they say, isn't due till May,
(If wrong I must beg his pardon!)
But I'm led to suppose that he showed his nose
Two weeks back—in Covent Garden.

It seems absurd that one vernal bird
Should make a "Spring"—at this season!
But still with the best will he feather his nest—
"He's a bird of the *World*!"—you'll reason.

An *Echo's* at hand in the busy Strand,
This CUCKOO will drown it—gladly!
To the *Times'* twill point, as being out of joint,
And the *Standard* will soon droop sadly!

The *Globe* will rock with the sudden shock,
Alas! for that "Pink of Propriety!"
But THE CUCKOO will fly through the London sky,
The latest Pet of Society!

French Canadian milk is probably adulterated. At any rate, when it is frozen, lumps of it are found useful in schools for ciphering on the blackboards.

A Baltimore clergyman, preaching on the subject of Lazarus, asked, "Why was he a beggar?" In all probability, says an American contemporary, because he didn't advertise!

Alcohol, according to M. Muntz, is to be found in water, in the air, and in the earth.

Shakespere ought to read now:

Small-pox in the milk,
Trichinosis in pork, and alcohol in everything."

Is it too late to talk of "the Baroness's marriage"? Between the servants and the sweeps I have heard all about it.

The secret as to when her marriage took place being so well kept, was mostly due to the great care she took herself that it should not be known. Not one of her servants knew until within an hour or two of the event. She is most popular with them all, and this breach of confidence was rather resented, by the downstairs parties in her establishment.

Her housekeeper was the first to know of it; the Baroness simply saying, "I am going to be married to-day, and I should like *you* to be there, and as many more as can be spared." "But *where*, my lady?" "You will know that in time enough."

And so she did. Word was given for *all* the servants to parade in the hall at 11.15 a.m., when both bride and bridegroom came and shook hands with each of them most cordially.

The most energetic of the outside spectators of the ceremony was the "gentleman in black," who sweeps her ladyship's town chimneys, for although she is not at all superstitious, it was thought necessary the fires should burn brightly on her return. The chimneys, therefore, were swept that very morning.

He, the black man, did not hear a whisper of the coming event, when employed early at Stratton-street that day, and, consequently, was greatly surprised, when passing the Mayfair church, to see a crowd.

"What's up?" was his natural inquiry.

"Oh! the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is being married," was the response.

"That be blowed. I swept her chimneys this morning, and never heard a word about it. If it is so, I will give her a cheer; so here's for a front seat." And we need scarcely add, he was soon in the front row, and shouted when the happy pair came out, as a man in his position ought to shout.

The Baroness and her husband will not stay long in town. They will give a couple of parties, and then go on the Continent, for quiet.

The wedding presents were very few prior to the event; but since, they have poured in quite alarmingly. None have been opened, and her ladyship and her spouse to-day are working hard, trying to get them into something like order. If the *Penny Post* gives a complete list of what has been sent, it will require a largish supplement—that is to say, unless it breaks out into several extra columns.

Those present at the ceremony were nearly all staying at Stretton-street, and it was her cousin's—Sir F. Burdett's—carriage that took the Baroness to church. The Jehu, and John, the footman, were, in fact, ignorant of the matter, until the latter had slammed up the steps, shut the door of the carriage, and was told where to drive to.

After the wedding-breakfast, the Baroness returned, changed her wedding dress for a travelling one, and *then* opened her letters. Having read them, marked those to be answered, and torn in halves the remainder, she went through her other duties as usual, as if getting married was really about as common an occurrence with her as having lunch.

Brighton is absolutely empty, and to-day the lodging-house keepers are mournfully watching the clouds and waiting.

Brighton's recompense for this weary waiting lies in the forthcoming Review. Already refreshment caterers are at their wits'-end to meet contracts, and some are refusing orders—at a certain price. Sad omen for the Volunteers. They will have a real fight before the manœuvres.

Prince Rudolph's return from the Holy Land is awaited by the Roumanian Court with lively interest. At the Summer Palace in Kotrocheni, as well as in the capital, he will be welcomed with great festivities.

General Clinchant's funeral in Paris was solemnised with all pomp and ceremony at the Invalides, whence the *cortége*, accompanied by a grand array of Senators and Deputies, proceeded to Pére la Chaise. Two Marshals—McMahon and Canrobert—were in the procession.

Freemasons' Hall was crowded on Wednesday with a miscellaneous company of foreigners and Englishmen who met to celebrate the 75th anniversary festival of this society. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., was in the chair, and was supported by excellencies and dignitaries in great number.

Subscriptions in the Hall amounted to £2,380.

THE CARTA PARA GOLD MINING COMPANY
(Limited).—South Wynaad.
SPECIAL AND IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE conditions upon which this Company is formed are so exceptional that the Directors call particular attention to the following points:—

1st—No portion of the Capital will be paid for the Property acquired by the Company either in cash or shares.
2nd—The owners will receive one moiety of the net profits in lieu of purchase-money.
3rd—Every applicant for Shares will receive a pro rata allotment, except when the subscriptions are too small to permit of an average being arrived at.
4th—Applications will be made immediately after the allotments to the *Committee of the Stock Exchange* for the settlement and quotation of the Company's Shares, and should such settlement not be granted (which, however, the Board have no reason to anticipate), subscriptions will be returned in full.

THE CARTA PARA GOLD MINING COMPANY
(Limited).—South Wynaad.

PROFESSOR VAZIE SIMONS states with reference to this property:—"The samples taken at some little depth, and in one particular portion of the reef, astounded me by their richness. I have pleasure in stating the significant fact that from every sample I took sufficient metal to show the reef could be profitably worked."

Messrs. Johnson and Matthey's analyses of the samples of the quartz from the Simons Reef on this property give results from 1½ to 89 ounces per ton, although no samples containing visible gold were sent them.

Estimating the yield of gold by the lowest result obtained, the crushing of 100 Tons of Quartz per day would produce a Net Profit of £112,500 per annum, of which the Company will retain one-half, or sufficient to pay a dividend of upwards of one hundred per cent.

THE CARTA PARA GOLD MINING COMPANY
(Limited).—South Wynaad.

INCORPORATED under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1880, with limited liability. Capital, £50,000, divided into 50,000 shares of £1 each, payable 1s. per share on application, 4s. on allotment, the remainder as required. One month at least to elapse between each call.

DIRECTORS.

General TRAVERS, C.B., V.C., East India United Service Club.
GEORGE PAYNE KITSON, Esq., Director of the Welland Railway of Canada.
WM. McADAM STEUART, Esq. (late Director Bank of Bengal), East India-avenue.
Major-General WM. WARDEN ANDERSON (late Political Department, Bombay), Bearnock-lodge, Urquhart, Inverness, N.B., and Oxford-gardens, Kensington.
W. Hodgson, Esq. (H.M. Madras Civil Service, retired), Ryecroft-lodge, Upper Norwood.

Consulting Engineer—Professor W. VAZIE SIMONS.
Solicitors—Messrs. HARRISON, Fowkes-buildings, E.C.
Bankers—The AGRA BANK (Limited), Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, E.C.; Messrs. HENRY S. KING and CO., 45, Pall-mall, S.W.
Auditors—Messrs. TURQUAND, YOUNGS, and CO., Coleman-street, E.C.
Secretary, *pro tem*—G. H. HOWE, Esq.
Offices—No. 57, Gracechurch-street, E.C.

THE CARTA PARA GOLD MINING COMPANY
(Limited).—South Wynaad.
ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed to work the Carta Para Estate, situate in the South Wynaad Plateau, nine miles from the top of the Tambracherry Ghaut, and about 35 miles from the important seaport of Calicut, with which it is connected by the Government road.

The Carta Para Estate, consisting of 300 acres, with the valuable mining rights, &c., is estimated to be worth upwards of £100,000. Several offers were submitted to the owners of the property, who, however, declined to sell it, being satisfied that a share of the results to be obtained from working it with the advantage of adequate capital and machinery would be more profitable than disposing of the estate outright for a fixed price.

An undertaking established upon the basis determined as regards this Company, cannot, in the opinion of the Directors, but commend itself to investors, seeing that no advantage can possibly accrue to the owners other than will be derived from the actual results obtained through the riches of their estate.

Quartz taken from the reef has been assayed by Messrs. Johnson and Matthey, with the following results:—

Highest ... ... { Gold, 89·900oz. / Silver, 9·500oz. } to the ton of 20 cwt.

Lowest ... ... { Gold, 1·175oz. / Silver, 0·200oz. } to the ton of 20 cwt.

The map accompanying the prospectus shows the position of the estate.

The exceptional terms upon which this property will be worked, the highly auriferous nature of the ore examined, the ample water power the large supply of timber, cheap labour, excellent roads, and healthy climate render this estate unusually valuable, and one that under skilful management will yield large returns for the capital invested.

The only agreement entered into is dated the 19th of March, 1881, and made between the Simons Reef Consolidated Gold Mining Corporation (Limited) and Frederick Stuart Meikleham as trustee for the Company.

Prospectus, Reports of Professor Simons, together with forms of application for shares can be had at the Solicitors', Bankers', Brokers', and at the Offices of the Company.

No promotion money will be paid, the preliminary expenses being limited to the actual amount expended in forming the Company.

THE CARTA PARA GOLD MINING COMPANY
(Limited).

APPLICATIONS for SHARES may be made by letter, addressed to the Secretary, in the following terms:—

To the Directors of the Carta Para Gold Mining Company (Limited), No. 57, Gracechurch Street, E.C.
I request you to allot me Shares of £1 each in the Company.

Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

Each letter should be accompanied by a remittance of one shilling per Share. All cheques and Post-office Orders should be crossed "Agra Bank (Limited)."

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